BUSINESSCARDS

SOCIETIES

PRINCE ARTHUR LODGE, No. 333, A.F.& A M, meets in the Masonic hall, Armstrong's Block Flesherton, every Friday on or before the full moon. J. Wright W. M F. H. W. Hickling, Secretary.

CHOSEN FRIENDS—Flesherton Council of Chosen Friends meets in Clayton's hall first and third Wednesday of each month 8 p. m. Pay assessments to the Recorder on or before the first day of each month. Chief Councillor Blakeley; Recorder W H. Bunt.

COURT FLESHERTON, 995, I. O. F. meets in Clayton's Block the last Wednesday evening of each month. Visiting Foresters heartily we come C. R., G. Bellamy; R. S., G. Cairns Fin. Sec., W. Buskin.
Please pay dues to Fin. Sec. before the first day of the month.

DENTISTRY

Dr. E. C MURRAY L. D. S., dental surgeon honor graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, Gas administered for teeth eXtraction office at residence, Toronto Street, Flesherton.

MEDICAL

J P OTTEWELL
Veterinary Surgeon
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College residence — second door south west on Mary street. This street runs outh Presbyterian Church.

LEGAL

LUCAS, RANEY & HENRY—Barristers, Solicitors, etc.—I. B. Lucas, K. C.; W. E. Raney, K. C.; W. D. Henry, B. A. Offices, Toronto, 806-9 Traders Bank Bldg., phone main 1412; Markdale Lucas Block, Phone 2 A. Branch office at Dundalk open every Saturday.

WRIGHT, TELFORD & McDONALD Barrister, Solicitors, &c. Offices, Grey & Bruce Block, Owen Sound. Standard Bank Block, Flesherton. (Saturdays). W. H. Wright, W. P. Telford Jr. J. C. McDonald, L. L. B.

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WM. KAITTING, icensed Auctioneer for the counties of Grey and Simcoe. Farm and Stock sales a specialty. Terms moderate. satisfaction guaranteed. Arrangements for dates may be made at the Advance office, or Central telephone office Feversham or by addressing me at Feversham, Ont.

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Feversham, — Ontario

Bull for Service

Pure bred shorthorn bull, Emperor —86537—for service on lot 29, S. S. R., Artemesia.
Terms—$1.50 for grades, Pure bred cows $3.00.
Pure bred Tamsworth hog for service on the above lot.
Terms—$1.50 for all animals. Served must be paid for.
5Sep16 —W. J. Meads

For Service

For service on lot 12, con. 9, Osprey, one purebred Shorthorn Bull. Terms $1.50. Also one pure bred Yorkshire Boar, Terms $1.00. All accounts must be paid to FRED TYLER, Manager —1 Sep

Tamworths For Sale

I have some extra good young stock at present both sex. also one young sow, bred to farrow in Sept. Write or phone Geo. W. Ross, Maxwell P. O.

Victoria Corners

congratulate Alex and Talbot Irwin and Ernie Stinson in passing the entrance exams.

Miss Mina and Master Burrows Heard are visiting at Markdale.

We are sorry to report that Mr. Will Irwin got his leg broken last Friday morning. This is a very unfortunate time of the year as well as the extra suffering to himself.

Miss Beryl Rennie, Dromore, is visiting at Mr. Jas. Best's.

Misses Maud and Roberta Acheson, Proton Station, spent last week with their grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Moore.

Messrs Ab Stinson and Geo. Ludlow have returned from New Ontario, where they were visiting the latter's father. They report a fine country especially adapted to hay. They brought a stock of hay six feet high, home with them.

Roberta Acheson and Margaret and George visited their uncle Will Talbot, for their cousin Dave's birthday party.

The five year old daughter of Mr. Ed. Rehkopf of Bentinck township met with a very nasty and distressing accident the other day. They were drawing in hay and the little girl innocently put her right hand on the rope that operates the hay unloader. The result was that the flesh was torn off the palm of the hand to the bone.

Here is something for municipal councils to think about. In July number of the Municipal World this question is asked and answered—"The assessor assesses between September and April for succeeding year. He places dogs on the assessment. At the court of appeal parties say the dogs are dead or lost, or something has happened that they have not got them. Has the Court of Revision the right to strike the dogs off the assessment or remit the tax?" The answer is an emphatic "No!" The law in his regard is not always respected by municipal men.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

Aug. 26 — Sept. 11

Empire Federation Spectacle

1,200 Performers; 10 Massed Bands; Chorus of 60 Voices

Glorious Pageant symbolizing Imperial Solidarity and Power

Mammoth Scenic Reproduction of the British Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey and the War Office.

WAR — ON AND UNDER SEA / ON LAND / IN THE AIR — WAR

Scenes that have thrilled the Empire Re-enacted by Overseas Troops.

Shells in Process of Manufacture

Immense Munitions Exhibit

Model Camp, Trench Warfare, Hand Grenade and Bomb Throwing, Destruction of Warships by Hidden Mines, Bayonet Fighting, Federation Year Fireworks, Complete New Midway.

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Government Exhibits, Superb Showing of Live Stock and Agricultural Products, Acres of Manufactures.

Toronto, Aug. 26 to Sept. 11

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Don't forget that we do cleaning, pressing and repairing. Our prices are right and our workmanship is the very best.

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Sole Agent for the Hobberlin Tailoring.

Ceylon Chat

Mr. and Mrs. G. Collinson and daughter, Nessa, leave this Wednesday for a trip to visit in Saskatoon and Dakota. They expect to be absent a couple of months

Mrs. E. R. Neubauer of Ackron, Ohio, returned to her home on Saturday after spending a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Whittaker. Her brother, Bert, accompanied her home.

Mr. Frank Young, Toronto, is a guest at Jas. Radley's.

Pte. J J. Pattison of Camp Borden, spent the week end with his parents.

Lance-Corp. Kerr, a former pastor here, called on a number of friends in our burg the first of the week. All were pleased to see him.

Miss Velma Rands spent the week end with her grandparents at Shelburne.

Miss Emma Whittaker is visiting with her friends, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Leece, at Angus.

Mr. and Mrs. T. White, Proton, spent the first of the week at Mr. W. White's.

Mrs. Jas. Dyce of Cedarville, visited at R Cook's the first of the week.

Mr. Murray Legate, who has been up at Muskoka for several weeks, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sproat and little daughter, Nora, of St. Marys, are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Whittaker.

Miss A. Harrow is visiting her sisters in New York.

Wedding Bells are pealing loudly for another one of our bacheler benedicts.

Pte. Will Rutledge, who has been visiting his mother here for a fortnight, returned to Toronto Tuesday.

Mrs ——and daughter of Toronto, and Miss Ramage of Durham, were visitors the past week at Mrs. R. Legate's.

Mr. R. W. Whittaker has just received a letter from his nephew, Mr. Roy Fletcher, who is now in Kingston attending Queens University. Roy has had a letter from France recently and it says that Sgt. Wells Whittaker is doing splendid work at the front. Wells had charge of the orderly room at Choubrah hospital and did so much work there, when he was supposed to be ill with the mumps and handled the preparations for the transfer of No. 7 general hospital, of which he had full charge, so well that he has been mentioned in despatches by Sir John Maxwell, General in command of all operations in Egypt. Wells is full Sergeant now. He will have no work to do now only give orders. Roy and Wells left for the front with a medical corpse from Kidgston last spring. Roy returned this spring to finish his course He expects to get through by fall and if his services are needed at the front he will go back.

The epidemic of Infantile Paralysis continues to baffle the medical skill of New York and Boston. Dr. Simon Flexner, an authority on the disease, suggests that it is imported by immigrants. It appears that the disease strikes at the healthiest children. It consists of a small as yet undiscovered organism that attacks the contents of the spinal cord. A healthy child may go to bed at night and be down with paralysis before he awakes. Experiments with monkeys conducted with extreme care proved that infantile paralysis could be transmitted from one patient to another.

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Royalite Coal Oil gives best results.

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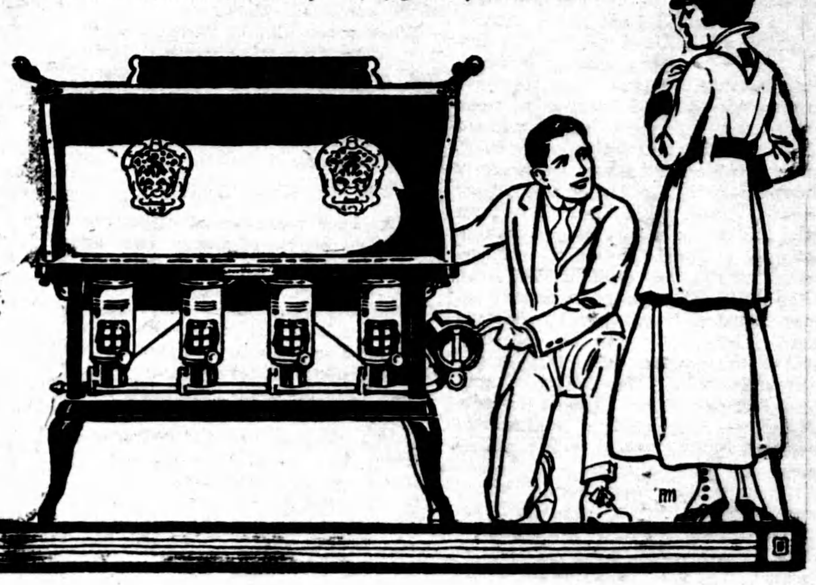

WONDERWORLD of the PTARMIGAN VALLEY

(1) Lone Tree Lake and Wall of Jericho in Ptarmigan Valley. (2) Snow Cornice on Ptarmigan, showing Douglas in distance. (3) Black and White Douglas. (4) Mt. Black Douglas. (5) Looking down Corral Creek from Ptarmigan Lake, showing Mount Temple. (6) Lone Tree Lake and Lake Myosotis and the base of Ptarmigan Peak.

AWAY yonder in the wonder world of the Canadian Pacific Rockies —the wonder world that yet awaits full exploration—there is a valley where the Ptarmigan live and breed and die, where the mother hen clucks to her chirping brood and where she warns them of the danger of strange two-legged animals known as men, but from whom she is powerless to protect them.

So the wise men who give places their names, have marked this particular region as Ptarmigan Valley, and its guardian peak as Ptarmigan Mountain. In this wild Alpine area, thus named after a bird, will be found one of the thousand beauty spots of our Canadian Switzerland, including every type of scenery that belongs to a mountain area: turbulent rivers, fed by countless glacial tributaries, leaping in headlong flight to the lower levels and the ultimate sea; alpine meadows carpeted with a profusion of flowers, canyon depths, forested retreats opening into expansive valleys, cliffs, peaks, rocky ramparts, snow cornices and ice fields making the avalanches that reverberate like a Flanders bombardment. There are lakes, beautiful beyond compare, deep-hearted pools, waterfalls of all heights, muskeg traps and rock strewn trails, and glacial boulders stranded far from their northern habitant in the mysterious north of a mysterious ice age.

There are moreover signs of wild life on every hand. The Ptarmigan is everywhere, standing stupidly in one's way, deer and bear tracks freshly made on the snow, goat paths that point the way to summits, marmots that whistle, gophers that invade tent and larder as impudently as porcupine, while an occasional bunny or a flying eagle add variety to the mountain zoo.

Let us hit the trail together for this Canadian Garden of the Gods, where nature may be viewed in all her sublimity and variety, and where He who made the hills has placed circles and ranges of mighty summits rivalling each other in towering heights through and beyond the fleecy clouds.

It will be at Lake Louise station that pack ponies will be diamond-hitched and saddle ponies mounted. Heading northward, little but lively Corral Creek blocks the way and demands the first of scores of wading processes with the water dashing over feet and leggins. But water doesn't count on the trail, whether in wet feet or a downpour from the sky, for warmth and dryness are at the end of the trail. And such a glorious trail it is, like an unfolding panorama with new scenes at every turn, a succession of God's canvasses in the great gallery of the open air.

It is all uphill for the first league or two. At each succeeding altitude a turn in the saddle held the eye spellbound with the scene to the south where, like soldiers on parade, thirty miles of giant peaks lined up and made a beautiful vision: the Ten Peaks, lordly Temple, Aberdeen, Lefroy dominating Lake Louise, Victoria's Glacier, glistening white. We are high enough to even catch an entrancing glimpse of Lake Louise. It is truly an upheaved world where "hills peep o'er hills and alps on alps arise."

Now it is facing forward as a new world stands revealed. Yonder is a speck of white in an immensity of space. Thanks be, it is a tent and a curl of smoke. How the heart of the trail-hitter warms to the sight! Shelter, food, warmth, a balsam bough-bed, mugs of tea, rashers of bacon, pails of prunes, squares of Banff bread, what more could mortal ask?

The next day, and a red letter day it will prove to be. The early morning sun ushers in a day of wondrous charm that makes every nerve tingle with the glow of life. Radiating valleys on every hand invite exploration, shimmering summits look down upon us as giants upon pigmies. cascades and rapids sing their song of the wild, and the world of men and war seems to belong to another planet. Off we start on another trail, thrilling at every turn with the sensation of the first sight of nature marvels. We make for One Tree Pass, where the footmarks of what have been a giant bruin were freshly made. Do not the very names of Merlin Lake and Merlin Castle sound seductive? And little Lake Myosotis is a miniature Lake Louise and no less beautiful, dammed up in a basin formed by the tilting of the strata, the overflow in a trickling stream making the birth of a river. Yonder rise the Walls of Jericho, forbidding in their black and frowning mass. Through the Stoky Valley we make a detour, catching a glimpse of massive Hector to the west, with Cathedral Peak asserting its lordliness of height.

Tramping through fallen timber, over treacherous scree, fording streams on bridges of a single log, and at times being mired in a hidden muskeg, are mere incidents in the day's fun. The happy hours fly quickly until, as the day hurries to its close, we hurried to another camp on the Red Deer, under the lee of the Black and White Douglass peaks, towering over 11,000 feet above sea level and curious Mount Molar filling the sky canvass with its tooth-like summit. Here were more lakes, more Niagaras, more flower-strewn vales, more litteral ups and downs, for a trail is rarely content to work on the level.

So the happy days sped away until the last one came, the last camp fire was enjoyed, and the final bit of saddle travel as the return journey was made and a most delightful trip came to an end.